

Hymn: Abide with Me

"Abide with Me" is a well-known Christian hymn that has brought people comfort for many years. It was written in 1847 by Henry Francis Lyte, a Scottish Anglican minister. Lyte wrote the hymn while he was very sick with tuberculosis and near the end of his life. He wanted to express his strong faith in God and his hope for God's presence, even in hard times. The words "Abide with me" mean "stay with me," and the hymn asks God to stay close during life's struggles.

The music for the hymn was written later by William Henry Monk. He named the tune "Eventide," which means evening. The slow, peaceful melody fits the comforting message of the hymn very well. Because of this, "Abide with Me" is often sung at funerals, memorials, and moments of reflection. It reminds people that they are never alone, even during dark or sad times, and that God is always with them.

"Abide with Me" also has a special place in English sports. It is famously sung before the FA Cup Final, one of the most important football (soccer) matches in England. This tradition is thought to have begun in 1923, when a crowd spontaneously began to sing along to a choir's rendition of "Abide with Me" as the field was being cleared. It was then officially included at the beginning of each match starting in 1927, a practice that still continues to this day. Fans and players alike join together to sing the hymn, creating a quiet, respectful moment before the excitement of the game begins. It helps everyone pause and remember deeper values of unity, respect, and tradition.

In this way, "Abide with Me" has become more than just an old hymn. It is a beloved song that comforts, honors tradition, and brings people together during times of hardship and joy alike.

Abide with Me Lyrics

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Abide With Me

A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven tide.
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.
 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.
 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

5

The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.

9

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - ti - ry?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee!

13

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Thro' clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
 I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Abide with me: fast falls

the eventide;

the darkness deepens;

Lord, with me abide.

When other helpers fail

and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless,

O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs

out life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim,

its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all

around I see.

O thou who changest not,

abide with me.

I need thy presence every

passing hour.

What but thy grace can

foil the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide,

and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine,

O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee

at hand to bless,

ills have no weight,

and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still,

if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross

before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom

and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks and

earth's vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord,

abide with me.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;

the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see.

O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.

What but thy grace can foil

the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,

ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom and point me

to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's

vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Abide with me: fast falls

the eventide;

the darkness deepens; Lord,

with me abide.

When other helpers fail

and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless,

O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out

life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim,

its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all

around I see.

O thou who changest not,

abide with me.

I need thy presence

every passing hour.

What but thy grace can

foil the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my

guide and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine,

O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at

hand to bless,

ills have no weight,

and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still,

if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross

before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom

and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks

and earth's vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord,

abide with me.

